

An Understated Dominance (Dustin Rhys)

Chapter 841

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Florence registered what happened and roared, “Hey, grab that asshole!”

Soon, dozens of security guards charged into the hall and surrounded Dustin, holding stun batons.

“Get him!”

The guards rushed toward Dustin, who sent needles flying with a flick of his wrist.

Immediately, the guards fell to the floor before they reached him. They held their stomachs as their faces concerted in pain.

The terrifying sight made the guests shrink back in fear. Even Florence kept silent.

It was easy to see that Dustin was no longer the same person they knew.

“You’re going to die today, Gavin. And no one can save you.” Dustin turned, and his deadly stare fell on Gavin.

“Insolent brat!” The long-haired man jumped up, meeting Dustin’s glare with a defiant one.

“And who are you?” Dustin narrowed his eyes.

“I’m the Gloomster, Spike Floyd!” the long-haired man announced, causing an uproar.

“Oh, my God! Spike Floyd the Gloomster? What’s he doing here?”

“Who’s Spike Floyd? Is he powerful?”

“Strong? He’s rank third on The Heavenly Immortals. He’s practically the strongest person in Balerno!”

“Holy shit! What is someone like him doing here?”

Those who were clueless were shocked after finding out who he was.

Although Balerno and Glenstead were known for producing many martial artists, they rarely had anyone strong enough to be on The Heavenly Immortals.

Furthermore, those on the top ten of the list usually stayed in Oakvale. They would rarely come to Balerno since there was no one they were interested in challenging.

“Sir, he’s Spike Floyd?” Gavin’s aide was astonished. He had thought that Spike was merely another rich kid.

“Duh.” Gavin gave his adjutant a small smile.

“Spike is the personal bodyguard my family hired for me. He doesn’t usually show himself, so not many people know about this.

Fortunately, I can make good use of him today.”

“You should be safe with him around.” The aide let out a breath of relief.

Although Dustin was the champion of the Knighthood Society Tournament, he was nothing compared to Spike, who ranked third on The Heavenly Immortals.

Spike wasn't called the Gloomster for no reason. He'd gotten the nickname thanks to his terrifying talent for winning battles.

"I don't care who you are, but you better get out of my way if you don't want to die," Dustin retorted frankly.

"How dare a brat like you sprout nonsense. I'll teach you a lesson today!" Pissed, Spike leaped into the air.

Like an eagle, he dived toward Dustin with his hand extended to grab the latter's throat.

"That's amazing!" Gavin's eyes sparkled.

"That move is strong enough to crush stones, so it'll kill him!"

"I guess he's doomed." The aide shook his head, unsurprised.

At the same time, Spike's eyes glinted proudly.

"Fuck off!"

As Spike approached, Dustin thrust his fist at lightning speed and punched Spike's abdomen. There was a bang as the punch caused Spike to throw up blood. He was thrown backward at an incredible speed, hitting the ceiling headfirst.

Half of his body was hidden in the ceiling, leaving his lower body dangling in the air like a lamp.

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